

CROWDS AT MINNIE

EDSON'S FUNERAL.

The Unfortunate Girl Was Buried in the Little Cemetery at Lodi, N. J.

Pastor Leaven's Scathing Words for Her Former Employer, Who Escaped Her Fate.

"A LAW TO PROTECT EMPLOYEES."

He Called for a Reform to Prevent a Repetition of That Sad Occurrence. Tender Words for the Girl Who Was the Victim.

Miss Minnie Edson, seventeen years old, died from consumption on Thursday night, at the home of Andrew C. Rake, in Passaic, N. J. She had been the superintendent in a small factory at that place, where she had been employed for some time. Her death was very sudden. On Saturday the girl's parents reached Passaic from their home in Newburg, and the father at once employed himself to procure Rake, after being admitted to bail, had left town. The police refused to hold him on a charge of murder.

At the morning services in the First Presbyterian Church, of Passaic, N. J., yesterday, the pastor, Rev. T. F. Leaven, uttered these words:

"While afternoon duty will compel me to officiate at the funeral services of that child, of whom you have all heard. She was a lamb of my flock, though seized, incarcerated and slain by a wolf. The lamb is dead. The wolf is still abroad."

Every auditor knew to whom the reverend gentleman referred. The lamb was Minnie Edson, whose body was found in the house of Andrew C. Rake, here death having been caused by the leaking of a gas pipe that connected with a stove early on Friday morning.

The funeral of the unfortunate girl was attended by more people than could crowd into the house of the deceased's sister, Mrs. Charles Conkling, at Wallington, a suburb of Passaic. The time set for the ceremony was 2:30 p. m., but it was shortly after noon that the friends and associates of the girl began to assemble.

BLOTTED THE ROADWAY.

By 2 o'clock they blocked the roadway where stands the two-story house. In the front room of the house was the coffin containing the remains of Minnie Edson. The girl had been very well known in Passaic and was universally liked.

When Rev. Mr. Leaven began his address a hush fell over the crowd that had pressed into the room and jammed the hallway. He told how he had known the girl for eight years, and how he had baptized her, and received her into the branch of the Christian Endeavor Society which was connected with the church. He said, sure, he stated, that Minnie was a pure young woman until she met the despoiler of her fame lane.

"And I want," continued Mr. Leaven, "that we have a case of great inequality between employer and employee presented to us in this instance. Not only in that match factory, but in all similar factories, we can see the power of the superintendent can be exercised in a direction that is vicious. Any power that can be made amenable to law? It seems to me that when there follow evil results such as we have been made so painfully aware of, there should be some remedy prescribed for the offender. There should be a law by which a president, superintendent, manager, or owner, who is guilty of debauching one who is within his influence while he is on his bread and butter, can be simply punished."

EMPLOYEES SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

"I am not speaking at this time against vice in general. I know that vice exists in many phases, but just now I am only referring to that of which I have just spoken. My young friend in this coffin. If a company can be formed and protected by the State, its employees should have some method of redress when they are attacked by the most pernicious of all forms of aggressiveness."

"I would that I could hold Minnie Edson guiltless. I fear that that cannot be done, but she is dead, and with the dead we must be gentle. Let us bury her in peace."

After the ceremonies at the house, the body of the dead girl was taken to the little cemetery at Lodi, N. J., where she was interred. In the four carriages which followed the hearse were the parents of the girl, who have lived in Newburg, N. Y., for three years; two brothers and two sisters of the deceased, and four intimate friends of the family.

HELD FOR THE PAPA MURDER.

Petro Pinto Will Be Brought to Newark from New York.

Newark, Feb. 16.—County Physician Washington today held an autopsy on the body of Megala Peta, the Italian, who was brutally murdered near his home, on River street, early yesterday morning by Sebastian Petro. The man who lay in wait for him with a pick handle. The autopsy revealed a large fracture of the skull and a broken shoulder. Both were caused by blows from the dead hand of the murderer.

Pinto, the murderer, who was arrested in New York last night, and locked up in the Sixth Precinct there, was arraigned in court this morning. He was represented by counsel, who endeavored to have him discharged on the ground that there was no warrant against him. The court, however, remanded Pinto until 3 p. m. tomorrow. Meanwhile the necessary warrant will be continuing and the court will be asked tomorrow to turn over the body of the murderer to the police.

WHIPPED BY HIS EMPLOYER.

Frank Pitcher Says He Asked for His Wages and Was Beaten.

Newark, Feb. 16.—Frank Pitcher, a Pole, thirty-five years old, who was employed as a farm hand by John Max, a dairyman, of Waverly, was brought to Police Headquarters today in a pitiable condition. His right eye was closed, his right thumb badly lacerated, and he had several bruises on the back of his head. Pitcher told the police that he went to work for Max two months ago. He was to receive \$6.00 for the first month, and \$7 for the second. Max, however, refused to pay him. Instead of giving it, Pitcher alleges that Max set upon him and beat him in a brutal manner. Pitcher was taken to the house. The wounds on his thumb, he claims, were inflicted by Max's teeth.

Pitcher was taken to the City Hospital, where his injuries were cared for. A warrant will be issued for Max's arrest on a charge of atrocious assault and mayhem.

Dr. Parkhurst Taking a Vacation.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst did not occupy the pulpit at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church yesterday. He has been out of town for the past three or four days. The pulpit was filled yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, who preached a doctrinal sermon.

Ambassador Ruyon's Funeral.

Newark, Feb. 16.—It is expected that the body of the late Ambassador Theodore Ruyon will arrive in this city on Wednesday or Thursday of this week. The funeral will be held on Friday morning. The details of the funeral have not all been settled, but there will be no military display. The body will be buried in the receiving vault at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

MAYOR BRADLEY, PERHAPS

Asbury Park's Popular Founder Consents to Run on a Citizens' Ticket for Mayor.

Asbury Park, Feb. 16.—Senator James A. Bradley has agreed to accept the nomination on the Citizens' ticket for Mayor at the election to be held here next May. Only the other day Senator Bradley said that he was tired of politics. His business interests here and in New York, he argued, demanded his undivided attention.

Last week some of the Senator's friends held a private meeting, at which it was decided that the present administration was too lax in enforcing the ordinance against liquor selling and Sunday traffic. A committee was appointed to urge the Senator to accept the nomination for Mayor on a Citizens' ticket. The committee was made up of property owners, half of whom are Democrats. It consisted of Dr. Henry Mitchell, Nelson G. Buchanan, T. Frank Appahy and Henry C. Windsor. These gentlemen waited on the Senator and explained their business. Senator Bradley refused the nomination, but when the committee insisted upon his action he did so.

There will be a mass-meeting of independent citizens early next month, and the committee will have the honor of presenting him. Frank L. Ten Broeck, the present Mayor, may have a re-nomination if he wants it. This is his second year in office. He has entertained very liberal ideas as to how Asbury Park should be run. He believes that the summer cottagers and hotel-keepers who do not have the pleasure of the right enforcement of blue laws. He is not an advocate of the saloon or the gambling house, but he has no objection to buying cigars or soda water on Sunday.

Sensor Bradley and Mayor Ten Broeck are Republicans, and both are popular with the people. Mr. Ten Broeck has been chief executive here has devoted much of his time to public business, and saved the taxpayers a great deal of money. His efforts to popularize Asbury Park as a summer resort have been eminently successful. Senator Bradley will try all their energies in preventing any of the House of Representatives from being elected to third term. The campaign will be the liveliest one in the history of Asbury Park.

A STEER'S SUNDAY STROLL

Followed by an Excited Crowd It Trotted Down to Hoboken and Trotted Back Again.

A wild Texan steer that escaped from the Weehawken Stock Yards about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, created a small-sized panic in that town and Hoboken, before it was finally "rounded up." The cattle received over West Street and entered the Weehawken and driven into the pen until ready for shipment to the New York side. The steer mentioned started down the yard, ran out of the gate and down the Weehawken street. It was followed by a crowd of people. The steer escaped being run down by a passing train. The dogman attempted to drive it back, but as he had no lead, he was rapidly retrained as the steer, with lowered head, came toward him.

As the steer passed the Second Precinct station, several men rushed out and rushed into and joined in the chase. The crowd, when the steer reached Tenth street, pressed the animal so closely that it suddenly stopped. The crowd pressed right and left, and the steer trotted calmly back and forth. The crowd pressed right and left, and the steer trotted calmly back and forth. The crowd pressed right and left, and the steer trotted calmly back and forth.

TO BE TAUGHT HOUSEWORK.

The Orange Training School Will Begin Its Work Next Month.

Orange, Feb. 16.—On March 1 the new Orange Training School for Domestic Servants is to begin work. The women who are back of the enterprise have secured the house at No. 422 North Main street, and the first lesson will be given as soon as classes can be organized.

The instruction will be designed to fit girls of good character for service, and embrace all the details of household work, and when competent the managers expect to have no difficulty in finding places for them. As the demand is now greater than the supply, a large number of young women from the surrounding country are expected to enroll.

The president of the training association is Mrs. E. F. Church, of South Orange. The board will be charged for, to be paid back to the society by the week when a situation has been secured. A lunch room for school children and others will be a part of the work, and a laundry, where family washing will be done, will be a part of the work. It is expected to bring in a goodly income.

JESSIE'S UNLICENSED PET.

She Does Not Want the Montclair Dog Catchers to Capture Him.

Montclair, Feb. 16.—Dog Catcher Marlon, who for the past four days has been at work lassoing all stray and unlicensed dogs roaming about the town, has been doing such good work that hardly a dog can be seen on the streets unaccompanied by its owner. One handsome St. Bernard dog fell into the clutches of the officer on Friday, but was claimed in time to save it from being taken to the pound. The dog, who owns a shaggy little pet, has sent the authorities the following letter: "I love my dog, but as I am too poor to get a license for him I am afraid the dog catcher will take him. I can't watch him all the time. I know other little girls in the same predicament. Please let me know if it is right to break the hearts of poor people in this manner."

Death of William Lane.

Orange, Feb. 16.—William Lane, a promising young man, of East Orange, died suddenly Saturday of pneumonia. He was a son of J. H. Lane, a well-known citizen of the Hanover Life Insurance Company, of New York, and last June graduated with high honors from the Princeton University.

In Mr. Edison's Laboratory.

Orange, N. J., Feb. 16.—Vernon L. Davey, the superintendent of the East Orange Public Schools, and a party of twelve principals and teachers paid a visit yesterday to Edison's laboratory, at West Orange. "Wizard" Edison spent some time showing them the wonders of the tubes and X rays.

Caught in the Act.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 16.—Henry Bratton, of No. 19 Hoyt street, was committed for trial yesterday by Judge McKim, of the Criminal Court, on a charge of highway robbery. Late last night Bratton and a companion, who escaped, knocked down Christopher Dillon, of No. 30 Van Buren street, and took his pocket watch. The policemen Vaughn and Kuhn came to Dillon's rescue and captured Bratton. The latter was taken to the City Hospital, a short distance from where Megala Peta was murdered in the morning.

Almost Killed His Poor Wife.

Petersburg, Feb. 16.—Harry Demarest, while drunk, went to his home on Getty avenue, last night, and beat his wife. He threw her to the floor and then kicked her. She was almost dead when neighbors intervened by taking her to the City Hospital. She was in an unconscious condition, and it was at first thought the results would be fatal. The doctor, who saw her, said she will live. Demarest has been arrested.

MR. PARKER FIXED.

How New York's Police Commissioner Got Lost at Night in Jersey City.

Was on His Way to Deliver a Lecture to the Y. M. C. A. State Convention.

STEERED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

He and "Louie" Had to Hunt for the Church, and They Got There Just in the Nick of Time—Escort Declined.

Lost in darkest Jersey City was the agonizing experience that befell Police Commissioner Andrew D. Parker on Saturday night. He will never go there any more. What made the situation all the more expediting was the fact that Mr. Parker was loaded with a speech on reform, and couldn't find his target, so to speak. The gentleman was billed to deliver light and knowledge to groping Jerseyites in the North Baptist Church, at 8:30 o'clock. It was an hour later when he found the place, and by that time considerable of Mr. Parker's bottled eloquence had effervesced. However, the reformer made his speech, and then declined the services of a scoutling party to show him the way home again, on the ground that Jersey City folks know less about their own town than he does himself. The returned explorer was resting at his home, No. 20 East Twentieth street, yesterday afternoon, where he related a few of his thrilling adventures and half-brained escapes in darkest Jersey City.

"To begin with," he said, "I didn't know where this church was located, but somebody told me to take the Twenty-third Street Ferry from this side. So Louie—his my secretary—and I went down to the ferry. There we were informed that the Twenty-third Street Ferry had been taken to the Twenty-third Street Ferry back to the 'L' road. I was informed that the ferry was on the right track. Then more time was lost getting down to the boat from the Cortlandt Street Station.

"But my troubles were only beginning, as I found on landing in that barbaric place across the river. I actually believed that some of those Jersey City people don't know where they live. But any how, I made inquiry for the church, and was told to take an Erie street car. I had to depend on this information, because I'm not posted on the intricacies of the Jersey City street system. I was told that I was traveling in the wrong direction. A Court House car was what I wanted to take. I took it, and walked back to the starting point. As the cars run about every fifteen minutes, I thought of the audience waiting for me and wondered if I were hopelessly lost in the jungle. I was a long time in getting to the ferry without food and water when a Court House car got ready to pull out.

I was boarded, and after about several blocks I asked the conductor how near his car passed the corner of Jersey avenue and Fourth street, where the church is located. He didn't know it, but I was almost collapsed.

"Are you not the conductor of this car?" I asked. "I am," he replied; "but I don't know where that corner is. I'll find out for you, though, if you will wait," continued that obliging young man.

ON DECK AT LAST.

"But I hadn't the heart to linger while he learned the geography of his route. Another passenger assured me that the Clinton street car would take me to the church. I took it, and after about several blocks I asked the conductor how near his car passed the corner of Jersey avenue and Fourth street, where the church is located. He didn't know it, but I was almost collapsed.

TO CONSULT THE GOVERNOR.

Murderer Kohl's Case Causing the Officials Some Uneasiness.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 16.—Prosecutor Elvira W. Grand will go to Trenton to confer with Governor Briggs in regard to the Kohl case. The claim made by Kohl's counsel, Judge Thomas S. Henry, that his petition for a removal of the case to the United States Circuit Court, acts as a stay, has caused much uneasiness to the officials. All routes to get the Governor's opinion on the question that the conference will be held.

BIT HIS NOSE NEARLY OFF.

Susan Coles Locked Up for Disfiguring John Holmes.

Newark, Feb. 16.—Susan Coles, colored, of No. 15 West Kinney place, was locked up at Police Headquarters this afternoon on the charge of mayhem. She was arrested by Policeman Robert Watson, after she had almost bitten the nose off of John Holmes, who lives in the same house. Police Surgeon Clark had to get the Governor's opinion on the question that the conference will be held.

Boxers Entertain Bicyclists.

Bloomfield, Feb. 16.—There was some lively boxing bouts at the smoker given by the members of the Bloomfield Cycling and Athletic Association at Dodd's Hall last night. The first on the floor were Chuck Connors and "The Lamp-lighter," both of New York, who gave an interesting exhibition. Work and Perry followed, and Dolan and McCloskey, of Belleville, ended the bouts. After the boxing there was a musical program, which was won by Burt Jacobins, the crack rider of the Montclair Wheelmen.

A Hospital's Anniversary.

The twenty-first anniversary of the Christ Hospital, Jersey City Heights, was celebrated in Trinity Church, Hoboken, last night. A special musical program was given. Bishop Starkey, of the Newark Diocese, delivered an address, and Rev. George J. Bennett, rector of Grace Church, Jersey City, presided at the hospital, read the annual report of that institution. The sermon was delivered by Rev. F. R. Sanford, of Riverside, Conn.

Miss Steiner May Recover.

The condition of Miss Emma Steiner, the musical composer, who has been ill for some time with pneumonia at her home, No. 30 West 135th street, was improved yesterday. Her physician says that she has a good chance of recovery.

PREACHING IN THE BAL.

Rev. Gregory Kinshka, of the Greek Church, Arrested by Jersey Police.

He and His Housekeeper Accused of Making and Selling Unstamped Tobacco Products.

ARE CHARGED BY TWO PERSONS.

Patrolmen Stopped Frank and Annie Michener Carrying Unstamped Cigars, and Which They Said They Had Bought of the Priest.

An order was recently issued by Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, that all persons carrying bundles along the streets after 10 p. m. should be stopped and made to explain their business. Shortly after 1 a. m. yesterday Patrolmen Gassman and Perry, while on Chestnut avenue, saw a man and a woman, each with a bundle, coming slowly along the avenue. They immediately commanded them to stop and turn out the contents of the packages. As they refused to do so the patrolmen seized the parcels and turned their contents out upon the sidewalk. Cigars, empty boxes, and leaf tobacco were piled in a heap.

The man and woman were taken to the Third Precinct Station House. They said that they were Frank and Annie Michener, husband and wife, of No. 638 Newark avenue. The boxes of cigars were without Government stamps.

The police had bought the cigars from the Rev. Gregory Kinshka, pastor of the Greek Church, in Chestnut avenue. Rev. Mr. Kinshka lives at No. 48 William street, and the priest and his wife had been locked up Gassman and Perry were ordered to arrest the clergyman.

It was after 2 o'clock when they reached his house, and no sooner had they rang the bell than the door was opened by a woman, who said she was the housekeeper. She was told to take the man and woman to the police station. The man and woman were taken to the police station. The man and woman were taken to the police station. The man and woman were taken to the police station.

FELLED WITH A SANDBAG.

Herman Calrite Knocked Down in Bloomfield Saturday Night and Robbed of Sixty-five Cents.

Bloomfield, Feb. 16.—Herman Calrite, a mechanic of this place, was attacked by footpads last night. He got off a train on the New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad at the Chestnut Hill station at 12 o'clock and as he proceeded down Benson street he was confronted by two men who grasped him by the arms, and demanded money. He was so frightened to speak, and was struck on the back of the neck with a sandbag and felled to the ground. While he lay on the ground, the two men rifled his pockets of 65 cents. After securing the money and a paper of tobacco they ran away.

HONOR PAID TO MASTERSON.

The Hero Given the Largest Funeral Ever Seen in New Brunswick.

New Brunswick, Feb. 16.—The funeral of Edward Masterson, the young man who was killed by a bullet from a clove in the Pennsylvania Railroad Thursday evening while dragging an intoxicated man from the track, was held this afternoon and was the largest ever seen here. St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church was crowded and hundreds who sought admission had to stand in the street during the services in the church.

The Rev. Father Egan spoke very highly of the young man, and his congregation was made up of people of all denominations. The pastor of every church in the city spoke this morning of the tragic occurrence. All routes to get the Governor's opinion on the question that the conference will be held.

Prominent citizens and railroad men acted as pall and flower bearers. They were: James J. McGowan, John J. McGowan, Patrick Howley, Daniel McCormick, J. F. Kinney, James Flanagan, Enos Ryan, M. V. Kelle, and others. The funeral was held in the St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, and was the largest ever seen here.

The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. Thomas Donlon, the man whom Masterson killed, was accused of murdering the dead man under the wheels of the engine, is still in the County Jail. He is recovering from the effects of the murder, and is still in the County Jail. He is recovering from the effects of the murder, and is still in the County Jail.

Did O'Leary Beat His Wife?

Newark, Feb. 16.—John O'Leary, of No. 57 Nickel street, was arrested and locked up this evening on suspicion of being the man who assaulted his wife on Thursday evening on Orange street. Mrs. O'Leary was walking on the street, when a man struck her several times on the head with a blunt instrument. She claims not to have recognized her assailant, but from her description she said she knew he was her husband, from whom she had been separated for some time. There will be an examination tomorrow.

A. O. U. W. to Meet in Trenton.

Trenton, Feb. 16.—The Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey, A. O. U. W., will meet in Trenton on March 12 and 13. It will be held at the Hotel Hamilton. The Grand Master and Master W. E. Haverstick, of Rahway, will be one of the speakers of the occasion. Arrangements are being made for a number of the evening before the Grand Lodge meets. Grand Master Workman Moon, of Philadelphia, will make the address of the evening.

Bowling Scores at Orange.

Orange, Feb. 16.—The bowling tournament for handsome medals closed on the alleys of the Orange Y. M. C. A. Saturday night. The four winners were: First, Alexander Smith, 113 out of a possible 120; second, John J. McGowan, 110; third, Weber, 110; fourth, the Rev. Dr. Alexander N. Carson, 107.

Died Running from a Car.

Paterson, Feb. 16.—John Mick, sixty years old, started to run this evening to avoid a trolley car on Freeland avenue. He escaped the car, but dropped dead from heart failure.

HIS ELEGANT GIG.

Engineer Emil Schultze's Extraordinary Accident Among His Dynamos.

Blinded and Burned by the Flash He Caused to Dart from the Switchboard.

CURRENTS HAD BECOME CROSSED.

The Injured Man's Physician Says the Patient May Recover His Sight, but It Is Doubtful—How It Happened.

Hackensack, Feb. 16.—Emil Schultze, the chief engineer of the Hackensack Gas and Electric Company, is confined to a darkened chamber, blind and severely burned by an artificial streak of lightning. As was told in yesterday's Journal, Schultze was struck on Friday in a manner which convinced electricians more than ever before that they have volumes and volumes to learn yet concerning the subtle electrical fluid. To tell the truth, the chief engineer does not understand at present exactly how he received his injuries.

With bandaged eyes and awestruck features he sat in the bedroom of his home to-day with every vestige of light shut out of the chamber, and still uncertain whether he will ever again recover his full visual powers.

According to his explanation to-day, he was going the rounds of the works on Friday morning, scrutinizing every bit of mechanism, as was his custom. When he reached the engine-room, and had carefully picked his way between the dynamos, he discovered a small burr which had formed upon the switchboard. This burr had caused the current to "spark" brilliantly at that point. Such a disorder was of ordinary occurrence, and usually very easily remedied. Schultze had frequently removed such obstructions, and the idea that any danger accompanied the operation never entered his mind.

CURRENTS WERE CROSSED.

In his hand, at the time, he carried a small file. With this he began to wear away the affected part, and all would have gone well had not the currents crossed, owing to some repairs being made outside by the linemen. Schultze noticed the crossing of wires, and jumped back, dropping the tool. The tool dropped right upon the switchboard, and suddenly a flash of sparks, a blinding, zigzag flash darted from the switchboard. It was in reality a house of fire, and the light of the flash of flame shot upward into Schultze's face. There was a pungent odor of burning flesh as the hand and the engine room leaped backward with a shriek of agony, completely blinded. He began to grope about in the room, and he suddenly realized that in his slightest condition he was apt to fall upon a dynamo, ready to deal him instant death.

He stood still and shouted for aid until his associates came to his assistance and led him away from the dangerous apartment.

His face was seared, his hair burned partly off, and his fellow-laborers did their best for him until Dr. St. John arrived and gave practical relief. He was removed to his home, at Hudson and Kanawha streets, and the attending physician said he had no hope for the restoration of Schultze's sight. Dr. St. John used all the skill at his command, but he was unable to do more. The patient's optic nerves became mildly convulsed, and the light of day, Dr. St. John said, would be a long time in coming. Schultze has cause to hope for the complete restoration of his sight, within two or three weeks, although the case is a peculiar one.

In the meantime Schultze insists that he was struck by a bolt of lightning similar in appearance to the atmospheric flash which he witnessed on all his life in connection with thunder storms. He declares that he still can see vivid flashes in his memory until his drying day.

COMMON SENSE RELIGION.

Dr. Scudder's Sermon at the Jersey City Tabernacle at the Close of the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

The Young Men's Christian Association convention, which had been in session at Jersey City since Thursday morning, closed last night. The afternoon exercises yesterday were a men's meeting at the Bon Ton Theatre, where an address was made by Hon. Elankton Drake, of Newark, on "The Prodigal Son," a boys' meeting in the Wayne Street Reformed Church, addressed by S. F. Dudley, and a women's meeting at the North Baptist Church, addressed by C. T. Kilbourne.

At 7:30 p. m. services were held in all the churches. Farewell services were held at 9 p. m. in the Tabernacle, when addresses were made by all the officers and prominent delegates, and a special sermon delivered by Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the church.

Dr. Scudder's subject was "Common Sense Religion," which he defined as a religion that ministered to all of man's needs. He said that religion was not a matter of mere belief, but a matter of action. He said that religion was not a matter of mere belief, but a matter of action. He said that religion was not a matter of mere belief, but a matter of action.

One vicious young man, like a runaway horse, bolted with the crowd, and started them off on a career of destruction. In the other hand a young man of good sense and laboring for the right can turn many into the path of righteousness.

FOR FREE KINDERGARTENS.

Well-Known Women Are Trying to Establish Them in Newark.

Newark, Feb. 16.—A movement has been started in Newark in behalf of the establishment of free kindergartens, and the first practical result has been the formation of a Kindergarten Club. This organization has just been effected through the efforts of a number of women who are anxious to see the system extended throughout the city, and who have found that by individual work little was accomplished. Mrs. Meisner, who is widely known and long connected with educational work, is president, and Miss Goodwin vice-president. Others prominent in the movement are Mrs. J. H. Pickens, Mrs. Zachary Belcher, Mrs. J. H. Roberts, Miss Lowrie, Miss Harriet Harrison, Mrs. Alexander Grant and Miss Martin.

Subscriptions are being asked to start a model school, where the authorities who have charge of the educational interests of the city may discover how much the children are in need of such institutions.

ZERO WEATHER COMING.

The Mercury Fell Thirty-six Degrees Yesterday and It Will Grow Still Colder.

In less than eight hours yesterday the mercury fell thirty-six degrees in the thermometer, and at midnight there was every probability that it would keep on tumbling and make to-day one of the coldest of the year. The mercury was well down toward the zero mark at that time, and a white frost was doing its best to bring a cold wave with it.

The wind came from the region of the great lakes and there was plenty of cold there, for the 10-degree-below-zero isotherm line took in the upper shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the northern part of Lake Michigan.

The coldest place recorded last night was White River. There the thermometer registered 24 degrees below zero. It is from that neighborhood that to-day's New York weather is coming, though the weather bureau says the supply will get thawed out some before it gets here.

"The cold wave which has been centring around Lake Michigan and the Northwest," said he last night, "is headed this way, and zero weather will probably result. How long it will last we cannot tell yet. For a time this evening the wind blew at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and as it was coming from the region of low thermometers it caused the sudden drop in the mercury here. As the wind died down the drop in the mercury became slower. It will probably not go much below zero."

TROTTERS AT THEIR BEST.

Impromptu Races on the Macadamized Road Extending from Washington Avenue.

Newark, Feb. 16.—There is a stretch of road between Passaic and Newark where, every Sunday and holiday, there is a striking turnout of blooded horses. From every town for miles around the owners of good horses drive there, and have brushes with each other, and a scene is soon being elicited. It is five miles from Newark, at the end of Washington avenue, between the Avondale road and that leading from Franklin to Dellawanna. The road is beautifully macadamized in the centre, and of well graded and levelled earth at either side. The race stretch is just a mile in length.

The drivers are of all classes, from the wealthy owner of large stables to the proprietor of a single nag. The map seen there perhaps most frequently is R. J. Jennings, a wealthy resident of Newark, and his low-set road wagon, with rubber-tired wheels, drawn by typist and Jennings' own horse, which has been named "2345." It is well known to every one who has ever been there.

Almost every Sunday there is a succession of races. There are cries